

# ELLEN CAMPBELL

## OR

### KING'S MOUNTAIN

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer, by Mrs. Mary A. Lwart.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Glorious news, Miss Ellen! Our arms have been again victorious," said Mr. Adams, as he entered the mansion.

"That is indeed joyful tidings," replied Ellen, with sparkling eyes. "Have you had direct news from our friends?"

"No; nothing definite," he replied, "but the country is full of it. Tartleton's dragons are flying, for dear life, to the main army."

"We shall hear today. God grant our friends are safe," said Ellen.

"Yes, I think so. I shall not go home till I hear the particulars."

But the day passed, and yet another, without tidings. Ellen was growing intensely anxious, when, at the close of the second day, a couple of horsemen were seen advancing, and Ellen could scarcely recognize in the pale and haggard face of the elder, her uncle, Mr. Willoughby. Dave, too, was fearfully pale, and the broad black patch on his brow betrayed the cause of his feeble and faltering gait.

"Mr. Adams!—the one of all others, I wished to see. This is kind," said Mr. Willoughby, feebly dismounting from his horse.

"Henry, you are wounded," cried Ellen, as he sank upon a seat.

"Not seriously," said he, striving to reassure her by a smile. "Only a severe stroke, and a long ride has weakened me."

An expression of intense anguish crossed Mr. Willoughby's face, as he watched Ellen performing those offices for Dave she had so recently performed for the noble Graham. A few whispered words from Dave told her the startling circumstances of his death, and Dave, forgiving the memory of the high-souled chivalric Englishman. Mr. Willoughby never held up his head again. His heart was indeed broken, and the remorse of years took speedy revenge on his feeble frame. A few mornings after his return he entered the room where Dave and Ellen were sitting. Giving them an open packet and a miniature, he said in touching tones—

"Read this, my children, and if you can, forgive one whose sins have been only equalled by his sufferings. As evidence of your pardon, I ask you to grant me but one request: erase death closes my life of misery and the grave hides forever this burning memory."

He turned and left the room.

And Dave, opening the miniature, disclosed the counterpart of the picture Graham wore in his bosom. A secret spring had been opened, and another face, in youthful manhood looked out upon them. It was the facsimile of the portrait of Mr. Willoughby, which hung on the wall—taken years ago in England. A tress of wavy hair, black as night, slowly unwound like a long dark memory, surprising them with its fabulous length.

"This is not the picture Graham had," said Ellen. "The hair there was brown and curling."

"No," replied Dave, "that was buried with him. Mr. Willoughby said he was unworthy to remove it. He opened it, however, and showed me a separate case like this, with his own likeness and 'Herbert,' engraved in golden letters beneath. It was very cunningly contrived. No one would have suspected there was a likeness. Next his heart, perhaps for years, and never knew how slight an accident divided him from the knowledge of his father."

The manuscript was broken by much that was irrelevant to the single history, and had evidently been prepared since the discovery of Graham as his child. There were prayers of thankfulness, passionate bursts of grief, solemn vows to avenge the memory of affection, life or death, to stand between him and the love of his neglected child; and Ellen read that she was to be sacrificed to this darling scheme. Here then was the secret of all his madness, and Dave told her of the stormy interview they had on the day of his capture. The old man had met him with a dogged stubbornness, which Dave, in vain, tried to overcome. Finding his persuasions only seemed to exasperate Mr. Willoughby, Dave told him firmly and plainly his determination. Mr. Willoughby flew into a stormy passion and swore Ellen should be cut off from all expectation from him. Dave coolly replied he had enough for both, and was quite willing to assume the responsibility, then and there, of future fortunes. Mr. Willoughby then tried to frighten him with his curse, which, not intimidating the fearless soldier as it had Ellen's gentler nature, he implored him by every solemn prayer to desist his suit, and in a moment of earnest entreaty, and agonized terror, confessed the relation in which Graham stood towards him. He was not, as he would pretend, a man of stern and sterned and supplicated in vain, entreating Dave not to mention his suit to Ellen. To which Dave replied he had and would, and he lacked but her consent to put forever and immediately out of his power, this memory of her father. And cruel and continued persecution. And so they parted—the one bent on his cherished scheme of restitution; the other, if possible, more firmly resolved at once to relieve Ellen from these trials. How each was disappointed we have seen. The manuscript concluded in words of most hopeless misery, praying forgiveness for all the sorrow he had caused them, and imploring the death that would rest and release his burdened heart. To avoid much of

# STORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

Mysterious Night Riders Who Broke Up Union League.

ORIGIN AND OBJECT OF THE ORDER.

Started For the Purpose of Preserving Anglo-Saxon Civilization. It Afterwards Became a Cloak By Which Ruffian Desperados Were Enabled to Cover Up Dark Deeds of Pillage and Blood, and the Grand Wizard Issued an Order For Its Extinction.

Written by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Sign of the Cross," Magazine Company, and Published in the Enquirer by special arrangement with the Standard Press-Bureau of New York City.

"I cannot understand the pig-headed persistence with which the south continues blindly to fight against her own interests," said an intelligent young northerner to me just after the last presidential election.

"It does look funny," I replied, "for otherwise the thing seems to have been decided long ago. But why study the period of Reconstruction?"

"I don't know what the word means," he answered with a laugh.

No man can understand current politics or the conditions of the race problem unless he knows the history of the awful years of 1865 to 1870. Nor can he understand this period until he has mastered the story of the rise, growth, decay, and death of two secret societies, one of the north called "The Union League of America," the other of the south, known officially by its members as "The Invisible Empire," and popularly, as the "Ku Klux Klan."

The bitterness of the Civil War had passed from the hearts of men, but the legacy of the Black Plague which the south during the period of Reconstruction remains today a brooding nightmare threatening with sinister prophecies the future of the nation.

The northern conception of the Ku Klux Klan is voiced in a recent criticism of my last novel by an ancient Boston newspaper thus:

"He reaches the acme of his sectional passions when he exalts the Ku Klux Klan as the savior of the nation. Its prime object was the confiscation of the property of the south. The chief obstacle to the program was Abraham Lincoln. Hence the first object of the League was to form a conspiracy to destroy Lincoln and prevent his re-election for a second term."

They accordingly nominated John C. Fremont for president before the convention met in Baltimore to name Lincoln's successor, and boldly proclaimed war to the knife against the president. They figured on Fremont's prestige as the first formidable candidate of their party, but regarded as a pathfinder and his grievances against the administration, but they forgot that he was born in South Carolina. Fremont himself gave the League a mortal blow in its first political program by boldly repudiating their platform of vengeance and confiscation. They then turned on their own candidate, cursed him as a fool, and helped nominate and elect Lincoln as the lesser of two evils.

Upon the assassination of the president, Thaddeus Stevens suddenly became dictator of the nation, and the Union League grew rapidly into a restless power. Within two years almost every negro in the south had been admitted to membership, drilled in its anarchic program and in the use of arms.

When the time was ripe, Mr. Stevens, in 1867, destroyed the state governments in the south which had been established by President Johnson, permitting the former slave to vote to enfranchise himself and disfranchise his master at the same election. He divided the territory from the James to the Rio Grande into five military districts and sent the armies back into the south to enforce compliance with the Reconstruction act. The chief was General Nathan Bedford Forrest of Tennessee, the daring and brilliant cavalry commander of the Confederate forces of the southwest. His title was Grand Wizard of the Empire. The Grand Dragon commanded the state, the Grand Cyclops a county, the Cyclops a Township.

He was a man of gentle manners, courteous, kindly, brave and considerate, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, and a veteran of the Confederate army who led a company of volunteers to the front the first day of the war, and surrendered a shattered brigade with Lee at Appomattox.

His people in the old world, the clans of Meppin and Ferguson, were the best blood of Scotland. They came to America from Down and Antrim in the north of Ireland with the great martyr migrations which peopled America with 300,000 Scotch Covenanters.

The Ku Klux Klan was commanded and led to its triumph by these sturdy clansmen of Scottish ancestry. General Forrest and George Gordon of Tennessee, and John B. Gordon of Georgia were all of Scotch blood, and the hill countries of the south were the scenes of their struggle and their victories. In the duel for supremacy between the "Union League," girdled with bayonets, and the "Invisible Empire."

No adequate history of America will be written until credit is given the people of Covenant blood for the part they played in creating the nation and developing its life. Here Judge Tourgee should have found the secret of that magnificent audacity which so captivated his imagination. The Covenanters of the south, had dreamed of negro dominion as the result of surrender would have chosen to continue the Civil war, and could have kept an army of half a million men busy for forty years. His race had defied the crown of Great Britain a hundred years from the caves and wilds of Scotland and Ireland, taught the English people how to slay a king and build a commonwealth, and driven into exile in America, led our Revolution, peopled the hills of the south, and conquered the west.

I have always felt it a pity that Governor William W. Holden of North Carolina, died unforgiven by the state for the part he played in the tragedy of Reconstruction. With all his faults he was a man of genuine culture, and a high order of talent. When I lived in Raleigh he was a forlorn figure haunting the Capital, petitioning each legislature to remove his disabilities. But the state refused to forgive the man who had for any cause suspended the writ of habeas corpus and raised an army of aliens to enforce a military rule.

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the remnant of their property left by the war and gave it to the negroes and camp followers of the army was introduced in the house of Representatives by Thaddeus Stevens, the responsible leader of the government, and boldly championed by this great man with the audacity of genius and the faith of a fanatic.

The negro had been made the ruler of his former master who was disfranchised and disarmed. The hand of the thief and ruffian clutched at every man's throat. The negro controlled the state, county, city and town governments. Their insolence grew apace. Their women were taught to insult their old mistresses and mock their poverty as they passed in their faded dresses. A black boy in town near mine, struck a white child of six with a whip, and when the mother protested she was arrested by a negro policeman and fined ten dollars by a negro magistrate for insulting a freedman.

Thieves looted the treasury of every state and county, and taxes mounted to such a height that the thousands of white men, many of whom could not vote, were sold for taxes in a single county.

The negro and his ally the carpet-bagger adventurer had attained undisputed control of society through the secret oath-bound order known as "The Union League."

The Union League of the south at first scouted the idea that the negroes, who had been faithful through the war, could now be used as their dead-end foes in the new order of society. But for the signs, grip, passwords, the mysterious blue flaming altar of "The Union League," the whites could have held the friendship of their former slaves. As a rule the negroes were not based on real affection. But the League did its work well. By promises to the slaves of forty acres of the land of their former masters linked with the wildest theories of equality and dominion over those who once ruled them, by drill in arms and the backing of trained garrisons, a gulf between the white man of the south and the negro was dug which could never be bridged. Its members have become part of the very heart beat of both races.

The Union League of America was organized in Cleveland, Ohio, during the war by the friends of Thaddeus Stevens, the Radical leader of Congress. Its prime object was the confiscation of the property of the south. The chief obstacle to the program was Abraham Lincoln. Hence the first object of the League was to form a conspiracy to destroy Lincoln and prevent his re-election for a second term.

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cordially and he tried to respond, stopped, and feebly drawing from his pocket an envelope, wrote across it a quotation from Seneca in a quaint old-fashioned style of handwriting—the hand which wrote the fatal signature to a proclamation which cost him his citizenship. He did not know that my mother was Colonel McAfee's sister, and I did not tell him, for I felt then as I do now, that he suffered for others' sins as well as his own, and that it would have been a nobler thing to have forgiven him.

When Colonel McAfee returned from the legislature after the overthrow of the Reconstruction government, he disbanded the Ku Klux Klan in his district in accordance with General Forrest's orders. Younger and more desperate men reorganized it as a local fraternity to their own sorrow and the disgrace of some sections of our mountain region. Its degeneracy into fierce neighborhood feuds and its perversion by the lawless swiftly followed until it became necessary for the organizers of the original Klan to aid in the suppression of its spurious successors.

My father, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Sr., was a member of the original Klan under Colonel McAfee's leadership and aided him in the suppression of its lawless imitators. He was present at the meeting of the original Klan, and took any active part in its work, except as an elder counsellor of wisdom and moderation to its chosen leaders, but his name was a tower of strength. He is and always was a man of large patriotic views, though an ardent southerner.

He was the man who created the grand old order of the Ku Klux Klan. His grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Hambricht, was a member of the Continental Congress and commanded a regiment of Revolutionary patriots at the battle of King's Mountain. He is today a venerable minister of Christ, who in a ministry of sixty years has built twenty flourishing churches in Piedmont, North Carolina. He knew and dreaded the dangerous power of a secret oath-bound political order. He went into it reluctantly. He joined with every other minister in the county, only because it was the last resort of despair to save society from the intolerable curse of negro domination, insolence and crime.

Mr. Laps D. McDuff of Tennessee, a man whose portrait is on the cover of the "Palatka Citizen," a Clansman McDuff was the printer in the office of the "Palatka Citizen," who set the type, printed and stitched the complete edition of the Ritual of the Order. He never knew until years after, the author of the manuscript, or from whose hands he received it. He got one day an anonymous letter telling him to remove a certain window in the space beneath a certain window in a printing office. He did so and found that the brick in the center of the wall had been taken out and in its place lay the Ritual of the "Invisible Empire." No name appeared in the title. It was merely marked with three stars. He was instructed to print and bind in the night, and on a certain date to place the bundle of complete copies outside the door. He did as ordered and unseen hands bore them away in the darkness.

The only two copies of this Ritual known to exist, are to be found in the Library of Columbia College and the archives of the state of Tennessee. Its author is General George W. Gordon of Memphis.

An extract from a letter written to me by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Clinton of Orangeburg, S. C., gives his official rank: "I was the Grand Cyclops of the East Chester Den and my territory was very large. Dr. Bratton of York was the Cyclops adjoining me, and we were compelled to do many severe things in these days."

I feel I was almost a savage in keeping savages in their places, but I felt it was my duty. This territory is the immediate scene of my novel, "The Clansman."

One of the most interesting figures in the inner history of the Klan is that of Hon. John W. Morton, the present secretary of state of Tennessee, who was General Forrest's chief of artillery. Pale and boyish in appearance, he was in fact but a boy, yet he won the utmost confidence of the general, who relied on him as Stuart did on Pelham, and Lee on Jackson. Forrest called him the "little bit of a kid with a great big backbone."

When the rumors of the Ku Klux Klan first spread over Tennessee, Forrest was quick to see its possibilities. He went immediately to Nashville to find his young chief of artillery.

"Morton," he said, "I hear this Klan is organized in Nashville, and I know you're in it. I want to join."

The youngest fencer, smiled and gave vague answers.

The general swore a little and said: "Shut up, you cant' fool me. If this thing is in Nashville, you're in it, and I'm going to get in it I kick the door down. Its appeal to the terror of the negro and its profound secrecy, if linked with wise leadership and merciless daring at the proper moment, will save the south."

The young man avoided the issue and took his old commander for a ride. Forrest pressed him in his questions about the Klan and the youth kept smiling and changing the subject.

On reaching a dense woods in a secluded valley outside the city, Morton suddenly turned on his former leader and said:

"General, hold up your right hand!"

Forrest did as he was ordered, and the youth, trembling with excitement and his eyes misty with tears, solemnly administered the preliminary oath of the order.

That night the general was made a full fledged clansman and was soon elected Grand Wizard of the Empire.

Forrest was so elated over the success of his mission, he remained over a day to help young Morton with his girl who was hesitating over the essential issue of life. She fairly worshipped the daring general and when he declared that he would marry her, she consented. A beautiful wedding followed. Twenty-seven years followed. Three sons and one daughter blessed their union and all three of these boys leaped forward to defend the flag the morning McKinley called for volunteers in 1898.

The order of dissolution of the Klan

**Pointed Paragraphs.**

Poverty—a grindstone for sharpening wits.

Love is a more or less troublesome case of heart trouble.

Some men attempt to cure the blues by painting their faces.

Excessive politeness is seldom on speaking terms with flesh.

Beauty is apt to be a woman's thorn in another woman's flesh.

In the hands of some people the pen is more dangerous than the sword.

Somehow a married woman is unable to forget that her husband is made of dust.

A man always dislikes another man who attempts to act as smart as he does.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the cradle of the deep is on top of the ocean's bed.

The heart handling thing to do is to turn on a cold wave.

In most cases a man seems to think that his wrongs begin almost immediately after his wedding rites.

In the beginning woman may have been merely a side issue, but most men today she seems to be the main subject.

The man who borrows trouble, unlike the one who borrows money, is always ready to pay it back with interest.